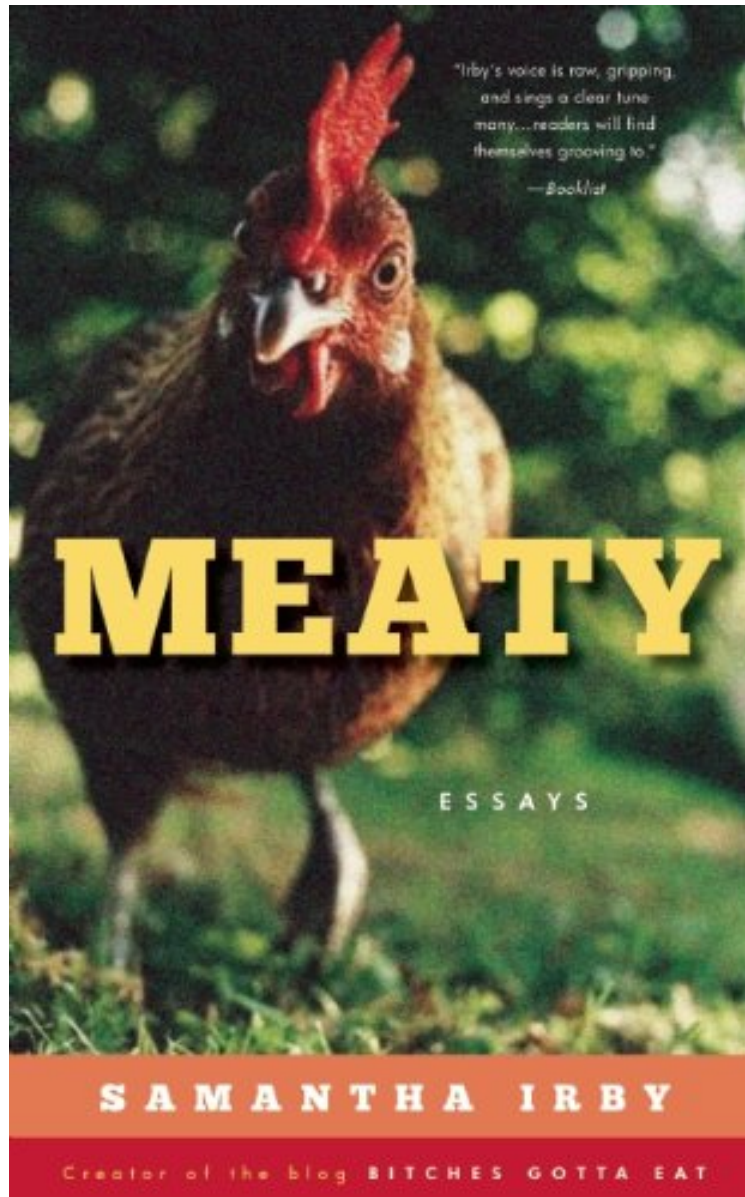


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Meaty: Essays by Samantha Irby, Creator of the Blog BitchesGottaEat

Samantha Irby

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Samantha Irby : Meaty: Essays by Samantha Irby, Creator of the Blog BitchesGottaEat before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Meaty: Essays by Samantha Irby, Creator of the Blog BitchesGottaEat:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. It is funny, brashBy Brie D. HendersonIt is funny, brash, real, at times hard to read, but immensely entertaining and something everyone will find something in which to relate to.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. She will soon be known as "one of the greats"By matty creenFunny, original, and honest. I can't wait to read her newest book and pore through her renowned bitches gotta eat blog.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Loved itBy KrisI thought it was great, but I love most anything by Ms. Irby.

Samantha Irby explodes onto the printed page with her debut collection of brand-new essays about trying to laugh her way through failed relationships, being black, taco feasts, bouts with Crohn's disease, and more. Every essay is crafted with the same scathing wit and poignant candor thousands of loyal readers have come to expect from visiting her notoriously hilarious blog, bitchesgottaeat.com.

From Booklist“How to Get Your Disgusting Meat Carcass Ready for Some New, Hot Sex,” is just one of the amazingly crass, defiant, witty, terrifying, and wondrous offerings found in Irby’s debut book of essays. Fans of her uproarious blog, [bitches gotta eat](http://bitchesgottaeat.com), might already be well acquainted with some pieces found in this book. However, here they are expanded, edited, and feature proper capitalization, and they’re tucked in amid newer gems. Irby, a Chicago-based writer-performer who mostly jokes about “hot dudes, diarrhea, kittens, and magical tacos,” cuts the bawdy, wickedly funny pieces with some truly poignant palate cleansers, including the heartrending “My Mother, My Daughter,” the story of her mother’s declining health and eventual death. She also confronts her struggles with Crohn’s disease, poverty, blackness, and body image, and, in some truly vulnerable, moving passages, she nakedly displays her earnest desires for romantic love. Irby’s voice is raw, gripping, and sings a clear tune many female readers will find themselves grooving to. And, for good measure, she includes some recipes. Delicious. --Courtney Jones A Barnes Noble Holiday 2013 Discover Great New Writers SelectionAn Emily Books Book Club SelectionA Publishers Weekly Fall 2013 Big Books by Small PressesA COSMO Best 22 Books of the Year For Women, By Women“Raunchy, funny and vivid...Those faint of heart beware...strap in and get ready for a roller-coaster ride to remember.”— Kirkus s“Amazingly crass, defiant, witty, terrifying, and wondrous...[Irby] cuts the bawdy, wickedly funny pieces with some truly poignant palate cleansers...Irby’s voice is raw, gripping, and ...Delicious.”— Booklist“Her candor in style and subject matter—mostly sex, dating, and the general lousiness of men—has earned Samantha Irby a cult following... Honesty mixed with self-deprecating humor is what propels reader.”— Time Out Chicago“Samantha Irby is as bad as she wants to be.”— Chicago Tribune“Whether she’s writing about her latest inflammatory bowel disease attack or documenting a sexual escapade gone awry (sometimes simultaneously), you’ll most likely be able to relate to Irby’s tell-all book. Her raw honesty and scathing sense of humor will make you laugh out loud...”— JET“There is no summing up Sam—no writerly preface, no small-talk tidbits, no rundown of vital stats that can suffice. She is irreducible, like a prime number, or a quark [...] Irby's writing has a powerfully intimacy, a direct connection between her and her readers. On the page, she's more an essayist than a storyteller per se, with the essayist's intellectual habits—exploring ideas, contradicting herself, poking thoughts to see if they burst, and then reveling in the mess.”— Chicago Reader“Irby has the rare ability to divulge her personal problems to an expansive, invisible Internet audience and still dazzle a crowded room of literati.”— Chicago Magazine